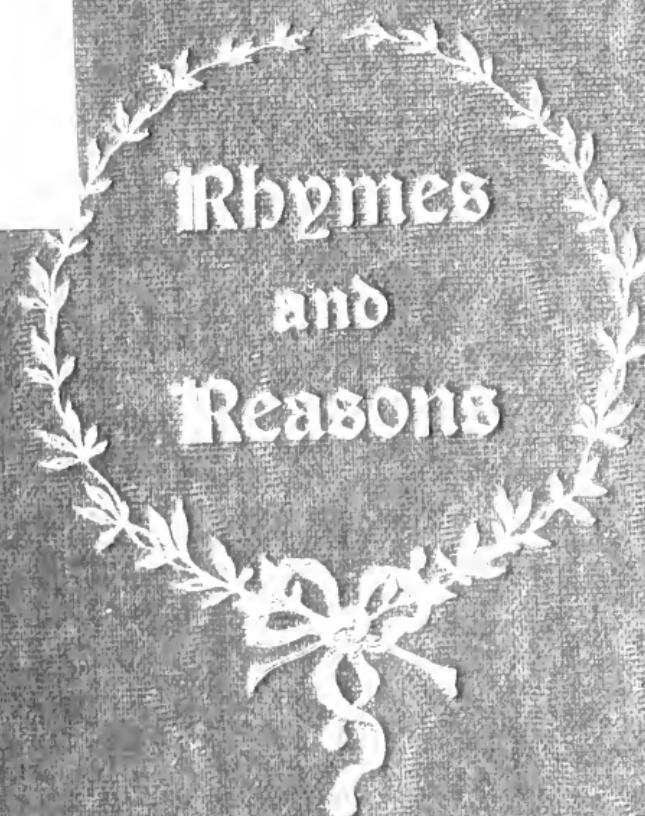


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Rhymes
and
Reasons





Class 1

Book 1

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hymes and easons

BY

JACK RAYNER



JOHN MURPHY COMPANY
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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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Dedication

TO MY MOTHER, I AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATE THIS FIRST BOOK
OF MY POEMS.

I N T R O D U C T I O N

This volume of poems is presented with full consciousness that the verses which it contains speaks for themselves, but we feel that it is appropriate to mention the fact that they proceed from a nineteen-year-old author and that many of them were written when Jack Rayner was much younger than he is today. This grandson of the late United States Senator Isidor Rayner appears to us to have inherited much of the brilliancy of mind and power of expression which marked the public career of his distinguished grandsire. He shows rare promise as a poet and a craftsman, as will be granted by most of his readers who remember his immaturity.

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VOICES FROM BEYOND.

I.

Can spirits return from the world beyond
To converse with their earthly friends,
And warn them of dangers and horrors untold,
Unknown to the minds of men ?
As yet no spirit from the great beyond
Has revealed the mysteries of hell ;
They always say to the medium
I'm happy, contented and well.

II.

Why does a soul that is happy,
Reveal all the joys above
While a soul that is writhing in torture
Cannot warn the ones that it loves ?
What a blessing to this universe,
If a voice from the depths of Hell
Could shout its pain in the ears of the world
With its warning of horrors to tell.

DEATH.

Death, death, death, that grim black sister of
night,
It stretches forth its pitiless hands
To crush out the breath of life.
Its fingers are wet and clammy
With the blood of a million souls,
And sightless orbs that seem to say:
'Come, stranger unto my fold.'

It fastens its claws on the baby
That screams and crys for life,
It wrenches the soul from the mother-to-be
In her duties as a wife.
It tortures the fear-crazed husband
As his mate whom the good God gave,
Is snatched from the hands of her lover
And thrown in the big, black grave.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Death often tarries at your door
Waiting to enter the room,
Laughing the while with fiendish glee
As it knows its victim's doom.
It raps at the door then lingers,
Knowing only too well
That the tortured body cannot escape
The final ring of the bell.

We all have to face this specter
Whenever it bids us come,
Whether it be in the darkness of night
Or under the rays of the sun.
It waits not for kings or princes
Or lords of the mighty land,
We're subject to its bidding,
And the wave of its mighty hand.

REVENGE.

Revenge for an act of cruelty,
Not physical torturing pain
But a willful stab to a bleeding heart
As a twig that is snapped in twain.
To shatter and break with a heartless laugh—
Love that is born of God
My hatred and curse will follow through life
'Til death puts me 'neath the sod.

How sweet is the word revenge,
With its weird and haunting dreams;
Love, how I hate that cursed word
And all its alluring themes.
Embittered against humanity
You've made me, and you alone;
I'll pay in hell for my burning hate
For my other sins I'll atone.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

I played you square and honest,
My heart you crucified ;
You betrayed my trust by deception,
With cunning skill you lied.
I yielded to all your wishes
You've always had your way,
I'll follow through life to revenge my hate
And pray for the bitter day.

SUCH IS FAME.

Great men have ruled this universe,
As all historians tell ;
Some have been sent by the hand of God
Others were sent from hell.
We all admire the great in them
Whether its good or bad ;
In our minds we see ourselves
In the places these men have had.

Nero the pompous lunatic
Played music while Rome did burn ;
I admire him for his nonchalance
Though sense he would never learn.
Pompey, the brave and glorious—
Crassus, the billionaire ;
Caesar, the victor of many a war
Was manly, just and fair.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Alexander, Napoleon and Frederick the Great,
Are men who will live in fame;
Powerful, strong and mighty—
Forever endures their name.

Bismarck, the man who was moulded in iron,
His God was his mighty sword;
This genius taught the Kaiser,
The famous ex-war lord.

William Hohenzollern was great like all the rest;
There's plenty of good in the worst of us,
There's plenty of bad in the best.
He was cruel, vindictive, unscrupulous, still
I admire the man who hurled
His power and proudly stood erect
Alone to conquer the world.

SACRIFICE.

The word that we call sacrifice,
Is obsolete as the dead ;
It's used to cover a selfish act,
By the ignorant and foolish is said.
It's used by lying hypocrites
And poor benighted fools ;
Selfishness is the spice of life,
And the world by its power it rules.

Everything's done for a motive,
The truth must be a fact ;
The thing that you call sacrifice,
Merely covers some selfish act.
By doing for others, you're pleasing yourself,
Where is that self-less love ?
It's not to be found in this big, wide world,
It's only with God above.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

Oh God ! have mercy on my soul
Forgive me for my sins ;
I've led a dissipated life
Now my atonement begins.
I've played in the hands of the devil
He's been my only pal,
But I've severed the bond between us
And bid him a glad farewell.

Whiskey and women, dice and cards
In return for a soul that's lost ;
Not that ! Oh God ! for we all are saved
By Thy son who died on the cross.
Truly, Oh Lord ! I'm sorry,
Like a coward I crawl to Thee,
When death is claiming its victim
Dear God, have mercy on me.

Oh merciful Heavenly Father,
The friend of the homeless waif,
In Thine arms, dear Jesus,
Take me and keep me safe ;
Lead me away from temptation,
Save me from sinning again,
Show me the glories of Paradise,
If it is thy will—amen.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

There was silence in the court room
As the jury took their seats.
I listened for the words that spelt my fate.
The judge looked grim and solemn and my law-
yer's head was bent.
I knew my doom was settled ; ah too late !
The judge said, "Stand upon your feet
And listen to what I say ;
You stabbed your wife, the one that you just
wed,
The penalty for this in a civilized age
Is to hang by the neck until dead."

I gazed about that big dark room,
I saw my mother's face.
There was horror in those patient eyes of gray.
I saw her sway a second.
Her face turned ghastly pale.
"My God", she said, and fainted dead away.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

At last the dreaded day arrived.
They took me from my cell.
The guards marched on my right and left,
The holy priest behind me
With a bible in his hand
Praying that my soul may be at rest.

The gallows looked dark and gloomy
As I mounted the creaky steps.
They gently put the rope around my neck.
I shivered slightly when I thought of
What the judge had said.
But my nerve it hadn't failed me even yet.
Repent, repent, I beg of you, the holy man he
plead.
I raised my head to God and said a prayer,
"Forgive me Lord, I'm sorry, and take my soul
with Thee."
And I left a world of misery and of care.

NATURE EXACTS ITS TOLL.

Love is the greatest thing in life
That's blessed by the hand of God,
A love that's pure and clean and straight
Till death puts us 'neath the sod.
Is the greatest gift of a merciful Lord
To those who do His will,
But the vagrants and the sinners
With disease and destruction, He'll kill.

Back in the years, long, long ago,
There lived a woman named Nell,
With all the beauty that nature could give
But a heart that was black as Hell.
She sold her body for money
Her soul she flung in the dust,
Till disease came rapping at her door
“Pay me the toll for your lust.”

RHYMES AND REASONS.

With horror she slammed the door in his face,
Threw herself on the bed,

Tore at the rope of pearls round her neck
Till her skin was bruised and red;

Cursing the God that gave her life,
Foaming and grovelling with fear,

“The mills of the gods grind slowly,”
Yet they never shed a tear.

THE RECKONING.

There's many a man who's gone to Hell
With a curse on his dying lips.
There's many a soul that's tortured
In that big, deep, dark abyss.
There's many a mother waiting
For a son who will ne'er return
All for the sake of democracy,
And a world to be born again.

The sorrow that is the hardest to bear,
Is to lose your precious sight,
And blindly grope your way through life;
With never the joy of light.
With never the glorious sunshine;
And the big, blue sky above,
An existence void of happiness
As hatred is void of love.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Hell, awaits the ex-German Emperor,
And his band of evil Huns
Who ravished and raped poor Belgium
For the sake of Kultur and fun.
For the sake of their evil passions
And their love of power and gain,
They made the whole world suffer
Then said, they weren't to blame.

But there's a day of reckoning
For all these frightful crimes,
The Kaiser—General Hindenburg—
And every German swine—
The torture and the suffering
They imposed on all mankind,
Will return to them a thousand-fold
At the bidding of Father Time.

CRIMINALS.

I.

In the bitter cold of a winter night
She was steadily tramping on,
Wearily plodding the unkept streets
'Til night gives way to the dawn.
Then like a hunted animal
She sneaks to her hidden lair
Flings herself on a filthy bed
Such is a harlot's share.

II.

The thief yields to temptation ;
They're mostly a lazy lot—
They aspire to riches through idleness,
A bed instead of a cot.
They want the good things life can give ;
All manual labor they shirk.
So they rob and plunder as fate directs
And run from the demon work.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

III.

The murderer is a different type
They're such that I can't analyze—
Some make a business of this crime
And their victim usually dies.
There're others who kill through temper,
Revenge or burning hate;
Frequently murderers of this kind
Repent when it is too late.

IV.

The drunkard is to be pitied,
He's weak, not wilfully bad—
He fails to see the right and wrong
Especially when a lad.
Influence and bad companions
Wreck his morals and health,
But in the end this weakling
Is only hurting himself.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

V.

The men who're depraved morally
Are victims of circumstance,
Most always from birth they'll bear this stain
They've really not had their chance.
The fault is their mothers and fathers,
My reasons I won't explain ;
Accept what I say or toss it aside,
I tell you they're not to blame.

VI.

Life is what we make it,
We all have our sorrow and care.
The poor have their chance the same as the rich,
The world all over is fair.
God has endowed us with a brain,
He gives us our chance with the rest
Be honest, keep working and really try,
And you'll soon take your place with the best.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

What is the use of living
When sorrow's your only friend,
What is the use of dying
Oh God, if that were the end.
But it isn't, the Hell you get here
Is only a small per cent.
You pay your debt in the great Beyond
For a life that has been ill-spent.

What do you get for a petty theft,
A year or so in jail.
Do you ever think of the price you'll pay
When your soul is called from bail.
Whiskey you've drunk, and pleasures you've had,
But what is your reward,
Your soul is damned with fire and thirst
The vengeance of the Lord.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

I.

A girl of sixteen, with the bloom of youth
And the purity of a nun,
Was broken in heart and spirit too
By a rich man's only son.

II.

He opened her heart with flattery
Deceit and a lying tongue,
Showed her the glories of paradise
By a love that was false and wrong.

III.

Youth answers the fire of love
With body, mind and soul ;
Giving all, asking nought
Like a sheep that is lead from its fold.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

IV.

Honor, purity, family and home
Are memories of the past.
When the god of love speaks,
All must come, it respects neither color nor
cast.

V.

The future is a distant blur,
The past a gruesome thought;
The present is a blessing
Which the hand of love has wrought.

VI.

How soon you are disillusioned
With ideals shattered and wrecked;
As time the worker of wonders
On its victims is ready to check.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

VII.

So this girl that gave all, with never a sigh
Answering the call of love.
With only a tender memory left
By the mercy of God above.

VIII.

Does she say to herself while thinking
Of the time that nature called:
'That it's better to have loved and lost
Than ne'er to have loved at all.'

THE DRUNKARD.

Oh God! for a drink of whiskey,
A drop of alcohol!
My nerves are all aquiver
And my body is wrecked and sore.

I sold myself to the devil
For wine, women and song;
A few short years of luxury,
My, boy it wasn't for long.

Don't listen to evil companions
Who will laugh when you sink in the mire,
Curse you when you are down and out
And call you a drunken liar.

I pray to the Lord to forgive me,
My body is festering away.
Dear God roll back the universe
And give me yesterday.

BLIND.

Blind, blind, my eyes are gone.
Oh God ! why not strike me dead !
What have I done for a curse like this
The tears refuse to be shed.
My brain's going to snap like the crack of a
whip—
I can't think, I'm mad, I'm mad.
Give me my sight for a moment
Oh ! for the sight I once had.

Blindly groping my way through life
With a weakened and faltering step ;
The joys of life forever barred
Chained to this horrible debt.
Oh for the sunshine and laughter,
The blessings of a merciful God ;
But life will be black as the gates of hell
'Till I'm buried beneath the sod.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

I welcome the grave with open arms,
And pray for the days to pass,
When the blankness and the misery
Have spent their force at last.
When the rattle of this monster
Is choking out my breath,
I'll shriek and cry, "Thank God ! Thank God !
At last I can welcome death."

LAND OF THE FREE.

The senate and congress rule this land
With mighty bands of steel,
And Woodrow Wilson on his throne
His power his subjects feel.
We pay well for our privileges
Our king receives his fee—
Three cheers for our noble country !
God save our monarchy !

What right has a man to take a drink,
What right has man to smoke ;
What right has a man to make love to a girl
Or tell a riske joke.
What right has a man to happiness,
What right has a man to joy ;
What right has a man to live at all,
He's a puppet, the government's toy.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

We should trip along with a wrist watch on
And chirp pretty lullabies;
And greet our fellow sisters
With ever such wistful sighs.

We should knit and sew and learn to cook—
Play checkers and dominoes.
And mercy me the treat of all,
We'll be able to darn our hose.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

THE PRICE.

I.

Money, the root of all evil
The price of a woman's soul
Robbing her of her beauty and health
Making her wretched and old.
All for the sake of a trinket or two,
A dress or a pretty hat
So she says, "Money, Money,
Money will get me all that."

II.

The common sport of the libertines
The drunkards and the thieves;
The property of the mistress
For the eyes of men to see.
Lower and still lower
Like a craft on the stormy waves;
Weakly fighting a losing fight
With nine toes in the grave.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

III.

Wild nights of dissipation,
Days of remorse and regret
Follows the God of illicit love
Making her pay her debt.
If women could only understand
That a soul without a stain
Is respected by man and rewarded by God
Then this poem is not in vain.

CHILDHOOD HOURS.

I often think of those good old days
When I sat by my Mother's side,
And she told me stories of fairies
Of goblins and Indians wild.
She stroked my head and kissed me
And called me her "Angel Boy."
Oh ! God, for those happy days again,
And that pure, innocent joy.

It's all a tender memory,
A memory of the past.
There's nothing in being sinful
And leading a life that's fast.
There's nothing in dissipation,
It is the truth I say.
Give me the love of a Mother, dear Lord
And wash my sins away.

MOLLIE'S CAPTAIN.

Mollie is going to be married
She's happy as can be,
The Bridegroom was a Captain
Who failed to cross the sea ;
This soldier fought with pen and ink
At the battle of 7th and B.

The Hero of my narrative
A strong and robust lad,
Ah, the fate of our brave soldiers.
Alas, the truth is sad ;
I'm chucking my job as office boy
To join the colors, Dad !

So he marched to his office every day
A striking leader of men,
Like a disciplined soldier of many a war ;
As he shouldered his mighty pen,
Work at your desk, boys ! Work like Hell.
The battle will soon begin.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

The heroes of most novels,
Are paid with blushing brides
So the hero of my story
Will tote one by his side.

The unlucky part this soldier plays
As he takes off his Khaki and bars,
He won't be able to show his bride,
The glories of war—a scar.

OUR ANNIE.

Annie's very worried,
 Her boy's across the sea,
Her eyes get red and fill with tears
 As she sips at her cup of tea.

She locks things up just as before
 And mislays all her keys,
But her heart is full of sorrow
 As she sips that cup of tea.

Now what would Annie do
 And what would Annie say,
If she didn't have that cup of tea
 To sip the livelong day?

THE STRAIGHT OR BROAD.

There're things that strike terror to my soul
The horrors, that they convey
Crush back the man that's in me
And the coward is king of the day.
I tremble and shake as a man with the ague
And my heart like a lump of lead
Weighs down my body and crushes my soul
'Til I take my place with the dead.

Oh grave with thy silent blackness
Thy wonderful soothing touch,
A Mecca for all life's sorrows
A friend of the downcast and such—
Some curse you and run with deadly fear
You who mean all, no harm
As a father welcomes his prodigal son
You welcome with open arms.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

When a baby first peeps on the light of day
With its innocent playful eyes,
Ignorant of life's vicissitudes,
Deceptions, its sins and lies.
Quickly time makes its changes
It's merely a toss of the dice
A life of religion and sacrifice
Or indulgence in crime and vice.

God creates, the devil destroys;
Which will you take for your friend?
Remember the path of pleasure
Its price and its fatal end.
Remember that all who yield to sin
Their soul through folly they sell
Simply for frivolous, bloodless joy
Its price is destruction and hell.

Oh ye who enter the door of vice
Look once, see the devil grin;
Another weakling gone astray
Another victim of sin.
But ye on the straight and narrow,
Great will be your reward
For wordly pleasures can't compare
To the happiness given by God.

THE CONVICT.

Behind the bars for a lifetime,
A convict for life I say ;
Bars and stripes, stripes and bars,
For many a dreary day.
Shut off from everything decent,
Comrades, cut-throats and thieves,
I'm innocent as a new born babe,
But guilty, the world believes.

How slow the minute passes,
The hours seem like years ;
Fate mocks me on every side,
Laughing at my tears.
I'm afraid of the world,
I'm afraid of myself,
I'm afraid of the great beyond ;
I'm cursed and shunned liker a leper,
As the days roll wearily on.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

What is life but a make-believe,
Why, death is its greatest friend ;
I'm bitter, I tell you, against the world,
Bars and stripes 'til the end.

What is there left in life for me,
I'm only a child of God ;
Death ! why, death is easy ;
Living's the thing that's hard.

A miserable cot and a crust of bread,
Is all that there is left ;
Sorrow, remorse, and blank despair,
All joys of life I'm bereft.
All I can do is count the days,
The weeks, the months that pass ;
Living, barely living,
Till life welcomes death at last.

Memory, I can't remember,
For whiskey had muddled my brain,
God ! how I hate the cur,
More than Abel was hated by Cain.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

He stole my wife by trickery,
The coward, to her he lied ;
Then laughed in my face, and cursed me,
In a flash my memory died.

They said he died by a bullet,
From a calibre thirty-eight ;
I didn't kill him, I swear it,
I was made the pawn of fate ;
I lied to save a woman,
Whom I'll love till my bones do rot.
She told me all, she did it ;
She fired that fatal shot.

THE UNFORTUNATES.

Help them, pity them every one
Humanity's lowest scum,
Worse than the murderer and the thief
And the drunken derelict bum.
A crime against civilization
Yet all of their rotten kind,
Forever these moral lepers
Will float on the sands of time.

Degeneracy born in them
Or a wilful perverted act—
It's weakness, passion, abnormal mind
It's manhood the leper lacks.
Thank God I'm no judge to judge them
Through life with this cancerous sore
They're morally rotten, rotten as hell,
Decayed clean through to the core.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Life has its human wrecks,
Drunkards, thieves, and dopes—
The wilful, vicious murderers,
Who await the hangman's rope.
Let me die on the gallows
Or die in a drunkard's grave
But perversion and moral degeneracy
Spare me dear God and save.

RECALLED.

To you who have saved me by your love,
And the spell of your radiant bloom;
Lighting my darkest hours
With sunshine instead of gloom.
Bringing me peace and happiness,
The emblem of the dove;
By your purity, innocence, faith in all,
And your wonderful matchless love.

To you I give all that's in me,
My God I've no good to give;
Only the shell that was once a man,
Because of the life that I've lived.
Because of indulgence and weakness,
Like a poisonous weed I grew;
My associates, drunkards and libertines,
But now, thank God, I am through.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

I can look the world in the face once more,
As I did in the years gone by ;
Not crawl away like a sickly dog,
That's waiting its chance to die.
I'll shout my joy—from the housetops,
Crying, I'm through, I'm through ;
Sweetheart, I've youth, and life, and love,
But the greatest of all, I've you.

THE MASTER CRIME.

I.

Don't try to defy the laws of God
And the workings of Nature's hand,
By taking the life of an unborn babe
Then stilling a conscience that's waned.
Whether it comes to the girlish wife
Or the hardened prostitute,
The sin is the same in the eyes of God
You're robbing a tree of its fruit.

II.

Whether it's passion or money,
Illicit or licensed love
It's murder in the first degree
By the laws of the God above.
You're taking a life that is human
Like a murderer who skulks in the dark,
And stabs a defenseless victim
Leaving only his fatal mark.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

III.

The innocent unborn baby
That's nursed in its Mother's womb
Waiting to peep at the light of day
Unheeding its terrible doom ;
Its life is crushed in the making,
A defenseless pitiful soul
Robbed of its place in the big wide world
By a deed that is cruel and foul.

IV.

The wife, the maiden, the prostitute,
The sin is just the same.
Social duties, figure and health
Or to save a blackened name.
You ate the fruit that's forbidden
Through passion, money or love
So pay your debt with a willing heart
A law of the God above.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

PAY WITH A SMILE.

Life is what you make it,
Joy is craved by all ;
The fool yields to temptation
And is bruised by the fatal fall.
Happiness comes through goodness,
Beware of the evil way
Ye fools with your senseless ravings
In time you will have to pay.

Pay with a smile, laugh at your fears
Like a coward, don't whimper and cry.
Think of Christ nailed to the cross
For the sins of us mortals did die.
A hero, love and respect him
Worship his stainless name ;
You cowards, you worthless weaklings
Smile as you pay for your game.

THE BUSY MAN.

Her daddy's got the S. O. S.,
He shoots from morn 'til night;
He's full of empty promises
That fade with the morning light.

Today he'll get an aeroplane,
The next day its a Ford,
But he ends up at a movie show
And says he's terribly bored.

He buys a suit for fifty bucks
A coat for thirty-two,
He motors in his auto
With a chauffeur dressed in blue.

He smokes a thirty cent cigar
Tells Lola to beware,
Have bath room clean and cellar straight
Exit—the millionaire.

EGOTISTS.

Life is full of egotists
 You and I and He,
He is wrong—I am right—
 So let the argument be.
You spell I with a capital
 As many of us can see—
But take out your I—
 Put in a You—
And forget the pronoun Me.

ALWAYS HOPE FOR THE BEST.

I.

You may howl, you may cry
You may scream with regret
You may pray for the yesterday,
But the old, old story repeats itself
You have sinned, now's your time to pay.
Hearts that are broken by remorse
May bleed till the crack of doom
But fate in time exacts its price,
Whether it's late or soon.

II.

The old cry of yesterday
With its useless and foolish tears
Are signs of weakness and cowardice.
Don't give way to your terror and fears
But straighten your shoulders and swallow
The pill, that's bitter as gall to taste
Don't let the weakness master the man
And throw your whole life to waste.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

III.

There's always a land of beginning again
With its sunshine and joys untold
Far from the misery and mental despair
With its terrible strange-hold.
When life looks the blackest
And hope is gone
Then is the time to rejoice
For the darkest cloud will soon pass away
And the white flag of peace it will hoist.

THE FOLLY OF YOUTH.

Think of the mother, who weeps for her son
The babe she nursed at her breast—
The babe, who grew into boyhood
With many a sweet caress ;
The boy with his childish playthings
And his sturdy manly ways
Soon a man as the years slip by
To the mother a few short days.

First a pack of cigarettes
Next a deck of cards
Satan is planting his deadly seed ;
Often the road is hard.
Come on fellows, let's get some girls
And a luscious bottle of booze ;
There're only two roads open ;
Which one will you choose ?

RHYMES AND REASONS.

It's all very well for a year or so
Everything turns out right
A headache in the morning
Women and whiskey at night;
Beautiful sensual women
Who'll yield to every desire,
Liquor, plenty of maddening joy
Beware, you who play with fire !

Women are quickly forgotten
Gambling soon passes away
Those who taste of the wine of life
Ninety per cent. will pay.
Think I'm a fool, well stick it out—
May God rest your weary soul
When you scream your regret in the jaws of
death
Whiskey exacts its toll.

You'll probably die in a drunkard's grave
Cursed by your family and friends;
Again you might swing at the end of a rope
My God what a horrible end !
You might be mangled or crushed to death
You might be stabbed or shot;
Fill your belly with whiskey
But remember that hell is hot.

DUST TO DUST.

In this big world of selfishness
Where every man's for himself
From the lowly negro that sweeps the streets
To the monarch of riches and wealth;
The uppermost thought in the minds of all;
The key to ambition's door
Is the word that's broken or made a man
The one little word called more.

The wrecker of homes and families
By the strength of its mighty hand
Men are slaves to its bidding
'Tis the power that rules the land.
'Tis the power that makes or crushes
It's a friend or a bitter foe
Since Adam and Eve 'til the end of time
This story 'twill ever be so.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Men have sacrificed life and love
For money power and gain
Plunging madly, staking all
For that shower of golden rain.
What does it all amount too
If people would only learn
That the rich and the poor man rot alike—
To dust ye shall return.

A WARNING.

Take a tip from me, youngster
And listen to what I say;
Beware of an evil woman
She'll always lead you astray.

Don't fall for a pretty countenance,
With eyes that are soft and bright
A face that's camouflaged with rouge
And a body that's soft and white.

Don't let your passions blind you
If you do, you'll have much to regret.
For hidden dangers menace you
Dangers you've never met.

So beware of a pretty female
If you don't, you'll have years to atone,
I beg you, take a fool's advise:
And leave the women alone.

HATE FOR THE WORLD.

You the inspiration of my life
The healing hand that soothes all sorrow's
wounds ;
That crushes back the hate, revenge and spite
I've held for all since 'parture from my mother's
womb.

While as a babe I'd frown and cry and scream
And hate the one who loved me tenderly
Whilst as a boy my brain would form some plan
To cruelly hurt my friends revengefully.

Who are you to change my views on life ?
Creation, nature everything I hate.
Curse you with your pious tender love—
Leave me to myself, my God, and fate.
You have inspired me to do things good
I don't want good, I chase it from my brain ;
Leave me, before I strike you dead,
Let hate, revenge and spite forever reign.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

THE SUPPLIANT.

Darling, won't you forgive me?

Let's start all over again;

Forget our foolish quarreling,

And live like women and men.

Forget our petty differences,

Our silly and useless fights;

Life, and love and happiness,

Are every mortal's rights.

You've hurt me more than words can tell,

I'm willing to forget;

I'd die before I'd lose you,

'Cause I've loved you since we met.

I'm happy when I'm with you

Let's be like we were before;

Come, sweetheart, smile and kiss me,

And the world is mine, once more.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

INNOCENCE.

God bless you my pretty darling
And keep you pure and straight
Away from life's temptations
It's vices forever hate.
Let your soul bear not a stain
That's polluted by passions sway.
Remember remorse is worse than hell
And there's always another day.

When a man seeks a wife what does he want
Not one that is second hand
The girl of his choice must truthfully say
My body's been no man's land.
A man can sink to the depths of hell
And rise from the filth and mire
If a woman yields to passion's call
She'll forever be scarred by the fire.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Curse this damned existence,
In every hellish form
And all its petty vanities,
Its sorrows, its sins and wrongs;
If I could put on paper
Every wretched, cursed thought,
I'd foam like a dog with the rabies
At the anger and hate they've wrought.

Hate is the only joy in life,
Love and respect I despise
I gloat on others sorrows,
And damn my soul with lies.
I curse the pretty sunlight,
Flowers and nature's own
Can such a moral, degenerate wreck,
Ever expect to atone?

RHYMES AND REASONS.

No! And what's more I'm not going to,
I'll die like I've played the game.
I'm only one of a crooked lot
Whom the hand of fate has named.
I'll croak like a million others
While no one will shed a tear,
Make way for another victim,
A victim of Satan is near.

HUMANITY'S CURSE.

I.

Whiskey, the downfall of Kingdoms,
The curse of the human race;
The parent of most every sin and crime
And things that are low and base.
Robbing young men of their manhood
Flinging them into the street
Robbing the maiden of purity
Morals and everything sweet.

II.

The enemy of the righteous,
The friend of the thief and bum
Give way to the Kaiser Alcohol
Give way to the demon Rum.
Give way to this pitiless savage,
Who respects neither God nor Man,
But crushes its friends and crushes its foes
With a cruel and relentless hand.

III.

Its picture is bright and cheery
To the weakling and the fool,
It beckons the youth and maiden
To join the sinful school.
Once the class is started
After the ring of the bell
The pupils receive their instructions
And a one-way ticket to Hell.

IV.

There's many a one who enters
There're few that e'er return
Those who come back have paid the price
By the scar of its fatal burn.
They'll reap the harvest of folly
With a blasted and ruined life
Such are the victims of whiskey
Such is its terrible price.

THE UNTASTED CUP.

My life is an open chapter,
Without a single flaw;
I've lived like a saint of the olden day
For threescore years or more.

But give me back my youth again,
If only for a day
And I'll have a taste of the primrose path
And the pleasures I've thrown away.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

CRY OF THE WILD.

I.

To roam in the wilds of the forest
To drink from the bubbling brooks
To see the deer and the antelope
And gaze on their frightened looks.
Free once more and savage,
Wild as the wildest deer
Knowing nothing caring naught
Devoid of terror and fear.

II.

A child of nature who's carefree
Under the gorgeous sun
The ground your bed, the sky your roof
The world no work, just fun.
Civilization a haunting dream
Power, money and gain
Forgotten we live on another earth
The strongest and fittest will reign.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

III.

An animal free to stalk in the wilds
And sleep in the caves at night
Self preservation the only law;
Right, what you think is right.
For every morsel and scrap of food,
Fight like a maddened beast;
Crawl away to your hidden lair
And enjoy your well earned feast.

IV.

Grab your mate as the cave man did
Thousands of years gone by,
Let not your heart with sorrow melt
When you hear her pitiful cry.
Cruelly hit her when angry
Love her at passion's call
There's not a woman on God's green earth
Who'll resist; they are bound to fall.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

V.

First crush her pride, stamp it out
Like a poisonous hissing snake.
Man is the ruling mortal,
Let women tread in his wake.
Next make her obey your every wish ;
Women are feeble and weak,
They'll love your strength and worship your
 might
A companion is all they seek.

VI.

Love with a woman consists of these—
Brutality, passion and hate
To hold a female by tenderness
Is directly insulting fate.
One can't hate what one has loved ;
It's a spark that never dies.
It shows that love is stronger than hate
Whoever says otherwise lies.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

VII.

Brutality towards a woman shows
That love is very strong
A man will hurt the one he craves
But his temper won't last for long.
Deep feeling will cause his every blow
Passion directs his aim
But love will master everything,
All other emotions are tame.

VIII.

Women are creatures of passion
In all its varying forms
Brutality, love, revenge and hate
The four that are very strong
Love the mightiest of them all—
A torturing, maddening desire.
Her body and soul to the man she loves
Like oil to a raging fire.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

IX.

Oh God who rules this universe
With a powerful, mighty hand,
Give me the freedom of nature
Free from tyrannical bands.
Crush all civilization
Stamp out envy and greed
In the path of the savage we'll follow
Caring naught where the path will lead.

CREATION.

Man is a term used to designate

The male of the human race,

Representing a special family

Of the Genus Homo is the case.

T'was recorded that man was created,

In the Scriptures, by God's own hand.

On creation's sixth day a woman and man

In God's image were made on this land.

The time or duration of human life,

After leaving the garden of tears,

'Til the sins of the world were multiplied,

Was nearly a thousand years.

Then God, in his wrath and anger,

Decreed to these wicked swine

That the length of their lives should be short-
ened

To the status of present times.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

By a process of evolution
Is Darwin's creation of man;
First from a species of mollusks,
Reptiles and birds of the land;
Thence to the lowest mammals,
In every conceivable shape,
'Til, at last, we come where the roads divide—
To our ancestors' anthropoid apes.

Mankind was divided by Blumenbach
Into races five, so they say—
Ethiopian, Caucasian, American,
Mongolian and also Malay.
Humanity's represented,
In all of its wrong and worth,
By these races of different origin
'That inhabit the face of the earth.

Man's likeness to other animal forms,
I'll only mention a few;
There're appetites, sensuous emotions,
And dim sense—perceptions too;
Reproductions in imagination,
Though the power behind it is faint—
It's humorous to notice these civilized times
That we still show some animal taint.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

The points of difference distinguishing
Man from mere animal life—
Intellect, perception and memory,
Reflection and sacrifice,
Intellectual synthesis and sentiments,
Emotions and power of will.
For thousands of years man's existed,
We know by the tools we find still.

A great many primitive tools of man
Have been found, buried deep in caves;
Geologists say that for thousands of years
These tools were preserved and saved.
We know that for fifty thousand years,
The scientists tell us so,
That man has existed; through implements
found
That he used, is a proof that will show.

LOVE'S DENIAL.

There're hundreds of miles between us,
There're months of anguish and pain ;
I want you ; I need you always,
As a dying flower needs rain.
I love to be near you ; I love to hear
Each word from those precious lips ;
Each smile that flitters across your face
Is wine to my feverish lips.

Why, in life, are the things one craves
Snatched with spite from our clasp,
While things we abhor and the ones we detest
Are forced in our unwilling grasp ?
You're the only thing that I want in life,
But it's madness for me to love ;
To have you I've hoped and prayed in vain
To an Almighty God above.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Just for a kiss from those ruby lips,
For a press from your pearl-white hand ;
For a smile or a word, any token of love,
I'd go to the ends of the land.

Believe the truth when I say to you
That, after my God, you're first ;
I love you more than life itself,
Though my love is a bitter curse.

Why can't I have you always,
To bask in your sunlit smile ;
It radiates beams of happiness
And blissful joy all the while.
It crushes back every sorrow,
And yields to me peace untold,
As the Angels of God coming down to earth
To gather me unto their fold.

THE BALLAD OF A STAINLESS SOUL.

'Twas tomorrow the orange blossoms
Would sing with the joy of spring ;
And lilies, the emblem of purity,
On the frail little bride would cling.
Everything sweet and innocent,
That virginity emulates,
Would whisper love on the morrow,
When this child of God would mate.

They were happy, so very happy,
When they parted that April night ;
Only a few more hours, dear,
Twixt now and the morning light.
Only a few short hours, dear,
And you'll be my pretty bride ;
We'll go through life on wings of love,
My angel by my side.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

So they parted that night with happiness
And the song of love in their hearts;
Tomorrow, that blessed tomorrow,
With its essence of joy to impart.
So gently he drew her to his breast,
Her warm lips received his kiss--
Their souls for a second in paradise,
Yielding to untold bliss.

After her lover had left her,
Alone she strolled down the lane;
Love is more wonderful to the maid
Whose soul bears not a stain.
This girl, with the bloom of youth on her cheeks,
Clean as the driven snow,
The greatest asset of womanhood
Is purity, all of us know.

She'd just reached a turn in the forest,
When a negro jumped in her path.
"Where are you going, my sweetie?"
He said, with a coarse, brutal laugh.
His eyes were flaming with passion,
His lips were sensual and cruel:
"Come to my arms, you pretty miss,
I'm black, but I'm nobody's fool."

RHYMES AND REASONS.

In a short while the crime was over,
Weakly she struggled home;
Bruised and battered and bleeding—
An outcast, alone, alone !

My sweetheart, I'll have to tell him;
What care I if the world has seen;
Happiness, love forever are lost,
Unclean, my God, I'm unclean.

Quickly the hours of night slipped by,
Then twilight creepingly came;
Madly she prayed for darkness,
The blackness to hide her shame.
What was there left in life for her,
Unclean, to grovel in mud,
Cursed by man, pitied by God,
Polluted by negro blood.

She told him all at their meeting,
Horror was stamped in his eyes;
Your soul is as white as the robes of God—
The soul is what never dies.
I love you, I swear I love you !
For yourself and yourself alone;
Not for the sins of a devil from hell
Would I have my angel atone.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

So they married as fate directed,
Though nature refused to sing;
And the lilies that clung to the frail little bride
Seemed to feel like a burning sting---
Seemed to blush, but hide their blushes
By drooping their pearly heads.
Flowers can't cry; if only they could,
What tears of grief they'd have shed.

Months later, in a distant town,
A baby was to be born;
There was love in the eyes of the mother-to-be,
Though her body was racked and torn.
At last, the little stranger arrived,
With joy her husband smiled;
He pulled back the covers to kiss his wife
And gazed on a negro child.

Horrors! the crowning of horrors!
Madly he left the room;
Blood obscured his vision—
Death, that grim spectre, loomed.
A shot, the crack of a pistol,
Blindly he ran to her bed;
The baby screamed for its mother;
On the floor lay his angel—dead.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Years later in a madhouse,
Alone in a dingy cell,
A maniac raved from morn till night,
Like a soul that is tortured in hell.
Screaming with heart-torn anguish,
Praying with tear-stained eyes,
There's written in blood on one of the walls—
The soul is what never dies.

THE REVULSION OF LOVE.

I put my heart in your keeping,
My body I flung at your feet;
I worshiped the ground that you walked on;
It's useless these words to repeat.
Now that your love has lessened,
God knows through no fault of mine,
You fling me aside with a brutal laugh
And your eyes with hatred do shine

Curse the day that I met you,
With your passionate, sensual love!
May the curses of hell rest on you,
In the presence of God above.
May all the sorrow and suffering to me,
With hatred and malice you gave,
Return to you from the depths of hell
To follow you to your grave.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

May every second of happiness
Be embittered by days of regret,
'Til the hate and revenge I hold for you
Has been paid its terrible debt;
'Til every blow and insult
Has been paid its just reward,
This curse of hate will follow you,
I swear in the name of God.

AT REST.

Like a flower that pleads for water,
Like a child craves its mother's breast;
Oh God! for the end of everything
And the blessed eternal rest.
Give me the grave that beckons
And waits for its children to come—
Sleep everlasting, peaceful sleep,
All dangers we're guarded from.

PRAYER OF A CHILD.

Mother, what voice is that calling?
Why is the room so cold,
Why is daddy pacing the floor—
He's looking so sick and old.

Is it the same old story
The story of bills unpaid?
Or is it a graver danger
That's worrying him so today?

Wrap the comfort around me,
Heap more coal on the fire
I'm cold mother, I'm awfully cold
Let the blaze mount higher.

And mother, another favor,
Won't you murmur a prayer
Say God have mercy on my boy
I'm leaving him in your care.

RHYMES AND REASONS.

Mother, your eyes are full of tears
And daddy's crying too;
Here dry them on my handkerchief
They make me unhappy and blue.

Why I'll be up in a day or two,
In a week I'll be back at school.
Mother why do I feel so warm
Then all of a sudden feel cool?

Mother, I know that I'm dying
Angels of God, I see
Dear Lord bless mother and father
And take my soul to Thee.

God seemed to hear his childish prayer
On that bitter December day.
I'm leaving you mother darling
But heaven's not far away.

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